The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual Philosophy.

For the Spiritual Age.

DO MEN ACT AS WELL AS THEY CAN?

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

BROTHER:—Agreeably to your desire, I write out a few thoughts, in a brief way, upon the theme we had converse upon, namely, "Do men act as well as they can?" That's the question, and one, too, upon which hinges a vast deal. It were well, then, to get and have, if possible, clear and just views as to it.

The affirmative response is a philosophic foundation for charity—such a charity as Christ taught and practised, and which must be more and more taught to and practised by the race. The life of anything, indeed, does not depend for its existence upon a reason we are enabled to give for it; for things exist whose *whence* and *how* are as yet inexplicable. No man, either in the flesh or spirit, can entirely tell of Deity. So charity exists from the fullness and richness of *love;* but a reason for its culture and life and use, is a fortification and support to it, and to the rationalistic mind, an indispensability. We act the better when we thoroughly understand how to. An expounding judiciary sits silently upon everything; and we must, in this age of *composite* unfoldment, have a reason for the faith (or life) within us.

Now, with respect to this question: Certainly, every man must needs act [illegible] that is, he cannot, if he would, be other [illegible] else but himself. He may *imitate*, [illegible]tation springs from his capacity to, and is but the [illegible]ary pouring of natural selfhood into the channel and method of another's ways. His very imitative power *is* himself, or part of himself, which, yet, may not at all, or but limitedly, be possessed by another. In the entire and absolute sense, then, a man must act out his own organization, and has an idiosyncracy of selfhood which constitutes him the man after his own kind. He cannot *will* or transform himself at pleasure into a different individualism, for the will in man is *not* a separate faculty outside of himself, or the precincts of his mental and physical economy, but is the *composite* expression of his motive life, of his activities. Hence wills, or powers to accomplish, differ, as do the diverse development and combination of faculties in man.

It is common for men to say, one to another, "If I were you I would not have done thus and so." Yes, they would, precisely. Possessed of the same soul-development, circumstanced the same, wrapped with the same skin, standing in the same circumstantial boots, and moved upon by the identical influences, internal or external, or both, they would be compelled to likeness of action. What originates action? Something that stimulates and pushes to it. Each man is pushed and stimulated dissimilarly, because the self in him is peculiar to him, and unlike that of anybody else. Close assimilation is yet but *seeming* identicalness. As no two peas, so no two beings are alike—and therefore do not, *cannot* act the same. Men are like vessels. On the ocean sail a vast number of these last; but all are not ships, nor yet steamers, nor barks; some swift-cut the way to port, others creep or heavily labor homeward.

Man acts, then, as he is moved upon—from the internal and from the external. By way of illustration, take a case: George Washington, so great and marked in character, with equal patriotism to Franklin or Patrick Henry, or superior, could not be either Henry or Franklin, nor act like them, but simply as George Washington. He could not will himself to oratorically thunder and lighten like the first, nor, with matchless diplomatism, do his country service in the courts of Europe, like the other. He did not and could not harness electricity. He was a just and dignified man, and a prudent general and statesman, and his character and acts were results of his organization, unfoldment and surroundings. Why did he not exhibit the vast generalization of Hamilton? Jefferson was vastly more of a constructive genius. He did as well as he knew how or could; so did all the rest of his compeers. This is the large and general view of the question, but a closer and minuter survey is the same teacher to us here.

They choked a man with solemn form and awful ceremony of the law a few days since in Boston city. That man was misdirected, his faculties worked amiss, and he was the victim of his organization, parentally bequeathed, (perhaps his only legacy) and of a vicious external education,—so the record shows. I hesitate not to affirm, that man did as well as he could. Any other criminal does as well as he *can*—not as well as he *might*. He does as well as he can *now*, with his present unfoldment and surroundings, and the stimuli that magnetize and move him, as the psychologist does his complete subject. But he *might* do better, if more unfolded and differently circumstanced. *Can* indicates the present necessity and ability; *might* the *future* possibility. A tremendous system, varied and complex, of psychologization prevails, and fingers and manipulates the souls of us, asleep or awake. Let us be very charitable.

Now the criminal steals,—what induces the act? Clearly, some resistless motive and impelling power. He has small conscience, large acquisitiveness, or want drives him with her open maw and huge, unintermittent clamor. His low internal condition is moved upon by his external condition, and he becomes the victim of the twain. All act as they are moved upon. The good man has a good internal (or unfoldment). It is as easy for him to act aright, as natural, as it is natural and easy for the born thief to steal. Phrenology long since proved that criminals, many of them, are birthed such. They come forth as children, stamped with the seal of misdirection and undevelopment, and they take to vicious ways and crime, as ducks to water. The hereditary proclivities of such push them, like fate, to the prison and gallows,—whence you see the great need of marriage reform afar down and all through the avenues of life, but above all, of right generation. By and by, as much attention will be deemed due to a child as is given now to any estimated breed of pigs.

Again: You know a poet—a *great* poet—is such by virtue and the necessity of his organization. As Pope says, such "speak in numbers, for the numbers come." Such an one has the poetic development, just as others have the mechanical or oratorical. Each do as well as they can. The possibility of one man is the possibility of all, indeed, for all souls are, inherently, endowed alike; but all cannot and do not exhibit the same unfolded measure and quality of soul. The poet, mayhap, and generally, is but a poet. He can't be an orator, perhaps, nor a general—Frederick the Great's effusions to the contrary, notwithstanding. He does as well as he can—as well as [illegible] and condition [illegible] Apollos are not Shakspeares, though a vast many have tried to be, and in the trial throttled their own peculiar excellence. No fault theirs because of the miserable lack of adequateness to the measure of Shakspearean genius and execution. They do as well as they can. They might do better and greater if they had more unfoldment and poetic genius and capacity come forth. Sometime, in the spheres of progress, when a new and greater educed life is with and upon them, they *will* do better, because they *can*. *Now* they must do as *now* they may.

Further: What caused Christ to say, in the hour of his agonizing crucifixion, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Was the Nazarene talking nonsense then? Was he indulging, even, in a little bit of Socratian facetiousness? Certainly, these men saw what they were about, felt it, so far as hands if not hearts are concerned, and were otherwise as in full possession of their external senses and activities as any of us to-day. In one sense they knew very well what they were about; in another, and the true and Christ-indicated one, they did not at all. They did not know spiritually and deep within the wrong they were enacting. On the contrary, they thought, some of them, they were doing aright—just as the Caribbean savage thinks it highly right and proper and an excellent thing to cut steaks from the corporation of his dead enemy; nay, to roast him alive and have a grand feast upon his body. Now the Jews knew by external sight and perception, or feeling, what they were doing when they sacrificed the beautiful and noble Nazarene; but spiritually, and so *really*, they were blind and dumb; and Christ, by his language, clearly indicates their lack and lank state morally. They were struck with *amaurosis*, by false and diseased zeal and passion and prejudice, and did not know what they did. It is true to state—they did as well as they could *then*. Their rotten spiritual conditions breeded foul acts, as carcasses do worms. You see I only indicate. Now it would be impossible for a collection of Harmonial Spiritualists to commit such an act—Brother Harris' half-facetious estimate of them nevertheless.

It is one thing to intellectually see or perceive a thing to be thus and so, quite another and different thing to deeply feel it. The burglar intellectually or perceptionally may know he is violating the laws of the land, and so is committing a wrong in the act of theft; but morally and spiritually (here deficient he in the flesh thereof, and lean, like a Calvin Edson,) he does not know or feel the wrong, that is, with great and touching intenseness. The internal and higher and diviner restraint, or the external constraint is not sufficient, and he cannot help it. You will understand, in this connection, that mere intellect is not the cause or seat of action. Many men there have been of vast intellectualism, but of comparatively feeble will and executiveness, as for instance, Melancthon and Coleridge. The intellect only helps to modify and control by its decisions the acts of us. I admit it gives big help. Indeed, the greater the intellect, conscience, benevolence, veneration wanting, the greater the so-called villain. For myself I cannot talk in that way of the lowest. Acquisitiveness, destructiveness, amativeness—these, the low loves (or lives), and, unmodified by the higher faculties, striking right out on the dead-level plain of the external—are parents of base action and of crime. In the spheres the great accomplisher has a big back brain; but his top and front cerebrality rises like a dome and buttress.

But to come still closer to the question as it bears upon *us*. A man often feels that he has done wrong—sees and feels it afterward—sees and feels it, indeed, at the time—but not with sufficient clearness, depth, intensity. So his temptational and wrong tendency is lamented, but not con[illegible]led. He does as well as he can—as he then can, condition[illegible] as he is. Perhaps now (afterwards) he can do better. [illegible]ell, experience, conscience and thought have taught him, and raised up a power within and enthroned it, that shall hence forth, like a king, rule his act. But if a man *has* no keen con[illegible]science, he will go on doing wrong till restrained by fear or fa[illegible]vor. In either case or condition he acts out himself, and his [illegible]onduct is the necessitous flow from his state, moral, spiritu[illegible]l, circumstatial. He does as well as he can. A man may res[illegible]olve and re-resolve to do better, and yet fail to, just as the drunkard before the pleading and tearful voice and looks of his wife and her touching talk. Why? Because the power [illegible]o do better is not sufficiently yet come up within or upon him. Nevertheless it is in him, no matter how hidden or laid away, like another Lazarus, in the cerement of his base custom. In time the God or good and divine within comes forth. So[illegible]me voice of love, some truth-utterance, keen and penetrant, ma[illegible]y rouse the sleeper or the seeming dead one. Such then dro[illegible] the robes of former time, and are ruled in a beautiful way as by a queen—even the queen of sweet and holy affection. Love is life, and life sources action. Were it otherwise, talk about progress and all preaching and teaching would be ch[illegible]atter and chaff. As intimated, the use of all teaching and m[illegible]oral and spiritual address is to touch up and call out or educ[illegible]ate the God or good powers in man.

Teaching is effective to some, as it r[illegible]aches and convinces the external understanding—that so, mes[illegible]sions, translated thus to consciousness, can [illegible] know, to others, as it reaches and moves the heart, warms and inspires it. Head and heart ought both to be addressed. Then the entire man moves in progress happily. Now if some have more head than heart, or more heart than head, they cannot help that. They are organized after that fashion, and didn't organize themselves. People talk, sometimes, as if a man could pull himself to pieces and put himself together again (with the variations) as you would a chicken-coop, or a model for a patent. Nor can he, like Signor Blitz, say "presto, change," and be thereupon instantly transformed or transfigured. A man, indeed, might say "presto, change," but I rather think he would still find himself in the identical way and method as before. Once poured into the mould of a corporeal organization, and change is slow and gradual. At each step a man may act differently, because he is different. A man with small conscience and benevolence, and huge and sharp, jutting destructiveness and acquisitiveness, from the birth is a born murderer and thief. He comes forth as bogus coin from a bad parental mint, and cannot pass current in the moral world until transmuted by the chemistry of spiritualities into the pure metal. Ah, how such are to be pitied! The heart of God is big with love for such. So should our hearts be.

If it be objected to this manner of interpretation of the theme, in that it justifies crime, I can confidently reply, as does the Yankee, "how?" It but palliates the criminality. Crime is crime, just as small pox is a pestilence, though, in my philosophy, of a certain use. Everything's of use. The Gospel of Use is the grandest of the ages. Why, as to crime and penalties therefor, every violation of a moral or spiritual law, is accompanied, as cause is, by an effect—by a penalty, just as every infraction of a law of our physical being brings a penalty in the shape of pain or suffering. Let a man eat too much lobster and green peas, and acute dyspepsia attacks him like a terrier fighter. A retributive and distributive Justice is like an invisible presence in the Infiniverse, and tracks and haunts men and things. It is the law of compensation. As justly might we impugn the Holy One because of it, as to complain of famines and pestilences, potato-rot and rampant *scabies*. It is, so to speak, the ebb and flow of the Deific tidal life—a method of divine being and operation. Let us make the best of it. At any rate, we must. A bee, you know, takes in honey at the mouth, and gives out a stinging gall at the tail. If now we put our finger upon the little winged honeyman, he puts his revenge into us. We have violated the law of his being, liberty, and right of private property. Miss Honeybee has a Fourth of July gospel of her own.

It matters not if we may not know entirely why things are thus and so; it is sufficient to know they are so—to feel it, and to juxtaposit ourselves accordingly.

With a trust that these observations may give you some light, I remain, your friend and brother,

BOSTON, June 30, 1858. L. JUDD PARDEE.

MAN FEARS PROSPERITY.—There is an instinct in the heart of man which makes him fear a cloudless happiness. It seems to him that he owes to misfortune a tithe of his life, and that which he does not pay bears interest, is amassed, and largely swells a debt which, sooner or later, he must acquit.

SPEAKERS AND HEARERS.—Hearers will always give speakers their attention, if speakers will give hearers something to *attend to*. That the former may be *interested*, it is needful that the latter be *interesting*.

For the Spiritual Age.

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

BY E. R. PLACE.

I hear vociferous utterances of men
Who fling their breath as at a mark, and break
A passion with a charge of swift-thrown words,
As 't were a target set before the world,
And they could show a heaven imparted skill—
(Wonderful only to the uninformed)—
By so directing at the effigy
The loud artillery of words, that sounds
Of a mighty clatter, and a vaunting tone,
Should pass unchallenged, as the voice of prayer!
Bold men are they—the bravest of the earth;
They tremble not to dare the Almighty One
To a full trial of his strength with theirs—
Ay, proudly court a wrestling match with God
And call it prayer—and people listen—tranced,
Or held agape, as if an angel spake,
And spake to wake the dead;—or, charmed with tones
That float the soul upon a sea of bliss,
And thrill the heart to a quick dance of joy,
See neighbor look askance at neighbor, nod,
Or whisper admiration through still lips;—
And on the morrow, in the public streets,
Men talk of his o'erwhelming power in prayer,
And praise the vain performance as the best,
Most beautiful prayer that e'er on earth was made.
And *made* it was—suggestive is the word;
For vanity and pride have joined their stock,
To trade withal, a partnership of show;
And with most cunning skill of workmanship,
Turn out to order, as the public taste
[illegible] for their *fancy goods*.
But prayer there is as wide unlike to this,
As truest gold's unlike the tinsel ring
That glitters on the finger of a doll;
Or whirlwind's fury, or the thunder's voice,
Or earthquake giants tossing on their beds,
Are far apart from that still-working power,
That makes the beauty and the life of things.
This prayer is seldom heard; scarce ever seeks
A formula of words; and does not make
Its presence known by noise, as trumpet's sound
Before the advancing footsteps of a prince.
It is the exhalation of the soul,
Warming beneath the inciting sun of Truth;
Or that immortal principle of growth
Which Nature holds as surety for her hopes;
Or the soul's breath—an atmosphere of love,
That keeps the God alive within its veins.
It does not care for words—for words cannot
Intensify things stronger than themselves;
They cannot but make coarse their finer tinge;
As on the canvass, howsoever charmed,
Nature's best portrait is but paint and oil.
Words—words must come, if come they do, as ducts,
The swelling soul its body bearing down,
To save the ship, *spontaneously* doth fill.
Such words the soul doth not address to men,
Nor make therewith a spectacle of power;
Nay, doth repel the world's unhallowed ear,
And, like the dew beneath the inviting sun,
Direct and noiseless, pass from earth to Heaven!

Prayer, in its essence, then, is not a sound;
Nor yet, a drawing down of God to us;
Nor yet, a genial and convenient means,
Whereby pardon is obtained of Him,
While still the criminal goes on to sin;—
Prayer is the inborn effort of the soul
To raise itself to altitude of Heaven;
Seeking its orbit round the central sun
Of Infinite Love, (as shapeless matter grows
To forms organic, ranging into line)—
To move therein harmoniously and free!
And it shall find it! soul after soul
Shall rise upon the buoyant wing of prayer;
In sweet attune to God's minutest law
Fall into place among the spirit-orbs,
Till all the wanderers of the earth, full-sphered,
Have joined the circle of Truth's banded hosts!

For the Spiritual Age.

REWARD AND PUNISHMENT.

BY J. ELLIOTT.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.—MATTHEW, XXV. 46.

Many expositions have been given to these words, by persons who adopt different theories respecting the ultimate condition of the human race, none of whom appear to give the true and full idea of their author. Over the paths of others we have no occasion to travel. It is only a common-sense and highly practical view at which we aim. To this alone will the common heart of humanity respond. This passage has ever been and still is regarded as the central pillar on which rests the doctrine of the endless separation and unhappy doom of a portion of the human family. If the main pillar can be quietly removed, the same method of interpretation will apply with equal and even greater force to all other props.

The teachings of the Son of man are simple, yet often beautifully sublime. We admit the terms "Everlasting" and "Eternal," in this instance, are from the same word, and consequently the effects of good and bad deeds will run parallel with each other through the endless spheres of the next life.

And yet man will be constantly drawing nearer to his Heavenly Father—his progress accelerated or retarded only by his virtuous or vicious acts, which have left their indelible impress on the spirit. What is the theme the teacher is here unfolding to his pupils? Evidently the connection between the acts of this life and the conditions of the next.

"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." To the opposite class he declares the above acts were *not* performed. When additional explanation was required, the speaker adds, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Two persons enter the same primary school, enjoy equal advantages. One, by assiduity and perseverance, becomes familiar with the branches taught, while the other contracts habits of listlessness and sloth. Need I ask, will they carry their mental conditions to the academy, college, through life, through eternity? Does each previous stage accelerate or retard their progress in the next? Christianity may be regarded as the greatest of sciences—the science of a righteous life. Instead of there being *two* conditions for the future, there will doubtless be as many as there are human beings who enter the realm of spirits.

Again, a person commits murder (and we may regard this as an illustration of evil doing in general); the executive power, for certain reasons, may give a certificate of pardon, which will release the criminal from the external law—the law [illegible] him from the inexorable law[illegible] of his interior being? Is it possible for him to reflect with the same serenity and satisfaction upon the past? Is there any earthly or heavenly pardon which can place his mind in as favorable a position as it would have been had the deed been left undone? If not, and if the same laws adhere to mind through the immortal state, then you discover the justness of the parallel which Jesus has drawn. Eternal punishment and eternal happiness are inseparable from the acts of the preparatory state. No regeneration of scholastic divinity can annul the laws which our Heavenly Father has connected with the minds of his earthly children. "God will render to every man according to his deeds." The only way to avoid the effects of sin is to stop sinning.

As in the material, so in the moral world, like attracts like. In the solar system, the sun, which is about five hundred times greater than all other planets of this system, draws all towards a common centre. As light upon the development theory continues to advance, it becomes highly probable, if not absolutely certain, that the two thousand and four hundred millions of worlds, and the eighty millions of suns around which they revolve, have also a common centre, an immense world, perhaps five hundred times greater than all other planets combined! around which the universe is harmoniously balanced, and on the borders of which, as well as on small systems, the work of creation is going on to-day with the same regularity as six thousand or six millions of years ago! The tiny instruments called telescopes, though they caused Galileo to be imprisoned nineteen years for inventing them, have not, as yet, we presume, penetrated beyond the frontier of our Father's domains! But hold! we only introduced the above for the purpose of showing the power and extent of the law of attraction!

If small worlds gravitate towards greater, will not minds tend upward to Him who is the source of all things? Sometimes, when a comet goes blazing by within seeing-distance, we are apt to view it as a lawless world broke away from all restraint; but a full knowledge of it, and the system to which it belongs, would reveal to us the perfect harmony of all its movements. How can we understand the utility of a single finger, without a knowledge of the hand of which it is a part; of the hand without the arm; of the arm without the body; of that body without a knowledge of the planet on which it moves; of that planet without its connection with the solar system; of that system without its relation to all other systems; and of all, with that Infinite Intelligence which organized and moves the vast machinery of the universe?

"He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe;
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied beings people every star,
May tell why God has made us as we are."

The Christian philosopher seats himself in the great arcana of Nature, and with the humility and docility of her disciple, seeks to explore, according to his humble capacity, the vast fields which open before his expanding, thirsty spirit; finally resolves all into the good will and highest pleasure of Him

"Whom we call God, and know no more."

This great Magnet, from whence all smaller minds proceed, attracts each to itself. Not the remotest world, or His most erring child, can pass beyond the circle of His influence! There is a home for all in the bosom of our dear Father; but remember, with Jesus and Socrates, that virtuous and vicious acts extend their influence along the endless cycles of the progressing spheres in the higher life!

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SPIRITUALISM AS AN AGENCY OF REFORM.

"*Cui Bono?*"—"What good will it do?" is a question at once naturally and properly asked by every practical and philanthropic mind, when attention is turned to the grand spiritual movement of our day. And we are ready to concede at the outset, that unless it prove to be something more than a mere amusement for an otherwise idle hour—something more than a gratification for an inordinate love of the curious and the marvellous—something more even than a source of new thought, speculation and theory for inquisitive minds—something more, indeed, than a gratification of our hallowed yearnings for messages from the loved ones who have passed within the veil;—unless it possess a tendency to be instrumental in raising mankind as individuals and as communities to higher and worthier planes of life, to a condition more like that of the spirits of the just; or, in other words, in advancing the reign of justice, peace, purity and harmony on earth,—it has little claim upon the regards of earnest, intelligent men and women who love their race.

It will be the purpose of the present effort to show that modern Spiritualism, considered as a whole, and properly defined, is a most potent agency of Reform;—that it is such both as a liberator from mental and spiritual bondage,—as a destroyer of ancient errors and effete institutions,—as a conservator of Truth,—and as an aid in the upbuilding of a better human society.

In the first place, *It frees the mind from bondage.* The religions of the world, almost universally, throw fear and terror over everything pertaining to the spiritual realm and the after life, and teach mankind that knowledge and safety can be attained only through certain *authorized* priestly or ecclesiastical channels. This enslaves the masses, and prevents individual growth. On the contrary, Spirtualism, though it may not undertake to present a new and authoritative system of religion, yet shows man that channels of information are freely open to all—that God is as near to his creatures as he ever was, and as willing to instruct them—that inspiration is ever flowing earthward through all channels that are opened for its influx—and that its teachings are authoritative only as they are responded to by the truth-determining power, the voice of God, within the individual soul. Each becomes his own priest and king, with no human or finite authority between him and God. This freedom and individual responsibility result in contrariety of opinion, it is true; but uniformity is no more to be expected or desired, than is sameness of external leaves, or a universal monotony of nature.

2. It gives men a present *realization* of spiritual verities. Thousands have not even a speculative belief in anything beyond the cognizance of the external senses,—of any existence beyond the present,—while thousands more, even in the churches, have *only* a speculative belief, too indefinite and unsubstantial to produce much influence upon their daily lives There is a vast difference between a *mere assent*, founded mainly on the uncertain records of a long past age, and an actual, present, positive *knowledge*, through the medium of one's own senses, and daily converse with spiritual beings. Hence the Church of to-day, which lives on the dry record of men's past experience, is ever complaining of the indifference and spiritual death of its adherents. They cannot well be otherwise than dead, for they have *no living bread* to eat.

If, as occasionally happens, the Church enjoys what is termed a "Revival of Religion," it is for the most part merely spasmodic and temporary—painfully reminding the looker-on of the aimless jerkings and contortions of a dead body, undergoing the process of *galvanizing*. Such "Revivals" do not, and are not expected to result in an earnest, philanthropic devotion to works of use and charity,—that is, real earnest living—on the part of the church as a body. If any specific Reform is to be promoted, an outside society must be organized. The educational and eleemosynary labors of the primitive Christian Church, in the days when "miracles" were regarded as possible, and inspiration a perpetual birthright,—the instruction of the ignorant, the reformation of criminals, the care and healing of the sick and infirm, the braving of pestilence and famine in order to minister to the suffering, the daily self-denial for the good of others, which made the early disciples of the Nazarene the wonder of the pagan world,—these are scarcely dreamed of by the present church, as constituting any essential part of a "credible Christian profession." Heaven, to modern Christendom, is a far-off place, and God, ministering angels, and spirits of just men made perfect, are beings whom we may "read of," but *know* very little about. What wonder, then, that very little of the life and love of Heaven should flow into the modern Church?

On the other hand, the hourly *realization* that we are "compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses," rouses, if anything can, the higher faculties to action, and calls forth the spiritual energies of the soul. All can understand at once the difference between running a race, or performing even the most ordinary duties of life, entirely alone, secluded from observation, and doing the same under the consciousness that a hundred or a myriad eyes are bent upon us.

3. It places individuals within the reach of all quickening, expanding, spiritualizing, purifying influences, and opens the soul to their reception. In realized communion with the departed, all that is sweet and tender in purified affection,—all that is gentle and ennobling in angelic, unselfish care—all that is enlarging and exalting in the wisdom and benevolence of minds serenely raised above the discords of earth,—together with that silent interior power or magnetism, called the Holy Ghost in ancient times, which is ever shed from the presence of all pure beings, and descends like the dew upon all truly aspiring souls,—these, all these may be enjoyed and appropriated by those who have the proper dispositions for their reception It is true there are influences of an opposite character, to which persons may surrender themselves if they choose; but these are no greater now than they ever were, and the pure-minded and discriminating will perceive and avoid them.

4. It opens a channel of communication, through which suggestions relating to all topics of human inquiry, interest, or welfare, and embracing the wisdom of higher intelligences, may be submitted to our consideration. These, of course, we are to accept, or reject, as they commend themselves or otherwise, to our perceptions of truth and wisdom; but the consideration of them cannot fail to excite a high degree of mental activity.

From these several sources,—the realization of spirit presence—the freedom from mental bondage—the experience of elevating spiritual influences—and the suggestion of new thoughts—as every one must see, proceeds a mighty agency for arousing into activity all the powers of the human soul. The intellect is called into vigilant exercise; the power of moral discrimination is urgently appealed to; the affections are quickened and elevated; the religious emotions are awakened and furnished with worthy objects. (In this consists the chief value of Spiritualism—its tendency to cut minds loose from *authority* and throw them on the exercise of *their* own powers. This general activity inevitably produces *growth;* and harmonious growth unfolds all capacities, develops all latent energies, and as it proceeds, must sooner or later result in making manifest the divine image—the "I AM"—which constitutes the *inmost* of every being.

Such, we submit, are the normal and legitimate *tendencies* of Modern Spiritualism, when considered simply as a question of fact—that is, the fact of open intercourse with the spiritual world. Such is the *mode* in which chiefly, we conceive, it is to act as a reformatory power on earth. That it may be and is perverted and abused, like every other good thing and noble capacity which man possesses, we have no disposition to deny. To expect the contrary argues but a superficial acquaintance with human nature. But such perversion and abuse, especially in the infancy of the movement, when all have so much to learn, will by no reasonable mind be construed into an argument against spiritual intercourse itself.

And here let us ask, Is this mode of reformatory operation calculated in any way to degrade or enfeeble mankind? Is it not rather the very thing requisite to bring out the true nobility of manhood, the muscularity and breadth of development so needed by the Reformer of the Nineteenth Century? Is it in any degree opposed to what can properly be called Christianity? Are not its *ends* and its *means*—namely, the development of the Divine life in the individual soul through the instrumentality of spiritual aids—one and the same with those of the Christian system when broadly interpreted? And has it not in its living demonstration of spiritual realities, an element of power which the so-called Christian Church most manifestly lacks?

But Spiritualism is not merely a *fact*—it is vastly more. It may be justly said to comprehend the PRINCIPLES which underlie all facts. Though these principles may not as yet be clearly and satisfactorily defined, in the departments of Philosophy, Morals, and Theology,—so that there is no extended *system of doctrines* which can with propriety be called Spiritualism,—yet it is safe to say, that this term properly applies to whatever is *vital, essential* and *indestructible* in ALL systems that have as yet been divulged—that it designates that which is internal, refined, pure, life-giving, in all expressions of truth—that it points to the *living spirit* and not the *dead letter* of all revelations. Hence it is the deadly antagonist of all dead formalism, of all lifeless ritualism, of all cramping despotism, of all hypocritical externalism, and of all debasing sensualism, in whatever guise it may appear. Any system or doctrine which has not these characteristics can with no propriety be termed Spiritualism,—no matter how many Spiritualists or *spirits* even may advocate it.

A true Spiritualism, then, must underlie, embrace, energize and inspire all *real* Reforms. Its earnest and consistent votaries must and will be led away from that which is superficial, sensual, transitory, to that which is radical, pure, and eternal—ever seeking to place themselves nearer and nearer to the grand Central Source of all life, energy and redemptive power.

While, therefore, Spiritualism may present no specific programme of Reform, to which all its adherents subscribe with one consent, it yet has its profound lessons for *all* Reformers. Though it lays down no authoritative creed as a "rule of faith and practice," yet it gives a mighty energizing impulse towards the discovery of truth and the practice of good. If not didactic and infallible, it is far better—it is dynamic and progressive.

A. E. N.

"Our Cause."

The Montpelier *Christian Repository* has been for some time carrying on a vigorous discussion of Spiritualism and cognate topics, with Rev. H. Elkins and others, in which the claims of a Rational Theology and a *present* Spiritualism have been ably sustained. The editor, however, in a recent number, suddenly shuts down the gate with the following significant paragraph:

"In conclusion, we desire to say courteously, and with the kindest feelings to all concerned, that we do not deem controversy on subjects of this kind either interesting to our readers or *profitable to our cause*, and therefore all discussions of this kind, in our columns, are brought to a close."—*Repository July 9.*

The "cause" to which the *Repository* is attached is that of modern sectarian Universalism, and its editor is doubtless correct in that part of his opinion which we have italicised. Were the editor's "cause" that of Universal Truth, rather than Universal-*ism*, he might safely invite, instead of repress, discussion.

Spiritualism in Portland.

The Portland *State of Maine* thus replies to some indecent scandal in the Bath *Tribune*, aimed at the Spiritualists of the former city:

"We are not believers in Spiritualism exactly, but in justice to the association of our city, for whom the above is seemingly intended, we would say that the association is made up of some of our most respectable, honest and law-abiding citizens, who hold their meetings in a respectable place, opened to the public, where good order is preserved, and no unusual noise or excitement is perceptible over that of the worship of any denomination. We do not know as we have any reason to believe that there are not as many true Christians to be found in their society as in any other. We are sure that we have no objections to allowing every class to worship in accordance with the dictates of their hearts, so long as they do it in strict observance with the moral laws of our land."

Important to Somebody.

WANTED.—The residences of the following named subscribers to the AGE,—William Wadsworth, Sarah Caudron. The undersigned acknowledges the receipt of one dollar each from the above named persons, but cannot ascertain their whereabouts, as the letters containing their subscriptions afford no evidence on this important point. S. B. B.

PIETY OF THE SECULAR PRESS.

The men who prac[tice the infidelity of writing for the secu]lar Press whatever h[est agrees with popular ignorance and] prejudice, and who a[re most happy to "cry good lord or good] devil," just so long [as their employers continue to pay, are] sometimes excruciatin[g in their windy morality and verbal god]liness;—all of which [we are,—of course, expected to accept as] genuine, on the auth[ority of Mr. Blowhard, whose word de]rives strong confirma[tion from the following impressive testi]mony,—

"It must b[e true because it's in the papers."]

An editorial contri[butor to the New York *Daily Times*, in] writing up the "Re[ligious Intelligence" of that journal for] the 10th instant, anin[adverts on Gen. Harney's innovations on] the Divine Law, *accor[ding to Moses*, as embodied in the march]ing orders of the Uta[h Army, which direct that every "*eighth* day be observed as a [day of rest." That our readers may see] how much real *intelli[gence* there is exhibited in the department] of "Religious Intelli[gence," in one of our leading daily jour]nals, we extract the fo[llowing:]

"The Sabbath of the [world has been for centuries the seventh day as] one of rest. Six workin[g days and then a day of repose. Whether the] requirement of the Unite[d States Government will work better than] that adopted by the Fre[nch Government, in the earlier revolution, re]mains to be seen. The F[rench abolished religious service, voted out of] existence the Ruler of th[e Universe, and blotted out the Sabbath. It] was found that the phys[ical wants of men demanded seasons of peri]odical rest. It was foun[d that each ninth day, the time substituted as] a day of rest, was not ac[lequate to the wants of men,—that the de]mands of the law of Natu[re, no less than the laws of God, required a] day of rest one day in se[ven. And the Sabbath of the Bible, the sev]enth day, was selected. [We call ourselves a Christian nation. But in] the face of the Bible—by [an army marching to put down a religious] people whose forms and [notions do not conform to the Bible—we ignore] the Bible, and order the [eighth day to be one of rest!"]

Now while we rega[rd all time as sacred, and have not been] able to discover any [divine authority for supposing that one] day is more holy [than another, we certainly would, by no] means, abolish the cu[stom which has set apart one day in seven] as a season of repose. [Indeed, if it would but lighten the op]pressive burdens of th[e toiling millions, we would much prefer] instituting another Sa[bbath in the course of the week. But] the "Religious Intell[igence" of this journalist is far less con]spicuous than his blind [zeal. As for the Divine Authority of] "the Sabbath of the [Bible," we have to say, that this septen]ary division of time [was not peculiar to the Jews,—who are] presumed to have be[en the only people with whom God had] any direct intercourse,[—but the inhabitants of Assyria, Egypt,] India, Arabia and Per[sia observed the same division. It was] not, therefore, in any [important sense, exclusively an institu]tion of the Bible or o[f the Jewish nation.]

But while this religi[ous light of the daily press is airing his] piety, and giving vent [to his clamorous zeal for the Jewish] Sabbath—which he pre[sumes to be demanded alike by the ne]cessities of human nat[ure and the laws of God—he seems to] be in blissful ignorance [of the fact that "the Sabbath of the] Bible, *the seventh day[," is not kept at all by the great body of] the Christian world.* [He tells us that "the Sabbath of the] world has been, for cen[turies, *the seventh day.*" Thus he re]peats his stereotyped [ignorance, and the *Times* prints it for] "Religious Intelligenc[e;" and both appeal by stupid plati]tudes to the vulgar [prejudice,—all in the name of religion] and for the sake of th[e six days "recompense of reward."]

We would respectf[ully recommend the writer in the *Times*] [illegible] to some Sunday school [where he may] receive a proper cour[se of elementary religious instruction;] but fearing that the im[portant duties of his position may pre]vent his acting on our [advice, we may be pardoned for suggest]ing that, *the first day [of the week* is now supposed to be kept] by the great body of t[he Christian world, as the Sabbath, or] day of rest. Moreov[er, our *Sunday* is not exclusively a] Christian institution. [In fact, it derives its very name from] the Pagans, while our [pious vender of the commercial "Re]ligious Intelligence," a[nd the whole army of Christian believ]ers—"in the face of t[he Bible"—persist in keeping, not the] Jewish Sabbath, but *th[e day which the heathen dedicated to the] Sun!*

S. B. B.

Statistics.

The *Spiritual Register* gives an estimate of the actual number of professed Spiritualists, compiled from extensive correspondence undertaken for this object, and with the facilities of an editor and itinerant who had surveyed and gone over the ground:—

SPIRITUALISTS IN AMERICA.

Maine,	12,000	Mississippi,	6,000
New Hampshire,	7,000	Dist. of Columbia,	1,500
Massachusetts,	90,000	Illinois,	80,000
Rhode Island,	3,000	Michigan,	60,000
Connecticut,	15,000	Missouri,	20,000
Vermont,	20,000	Alabama,	5,000
New York,	300,000	Arkansas,	1,000
New Jersey,	4,000	Florida,	1,000
Pennsylvania,	70,000	Wisconsin,	60,000
Delaware,	1,000	Iowa,	20,000
Maryland,	6,000	Texas,	15,000
Virginia,	2,000	California,	20,000
North Carolina,	2,000	Minnesota,	2,000
South Carolina,	2,500	New Mexico,	2,000
Georgia,	2,500	Oregon,	1,000
Kentucky,	6,000	Cuba,	1,000
Tennessee,	15,000	British Provinces,	30,000
Ohio,	120,000	South America,	10,000
Indiana,	120,0000		
Total,	- - - - -		1,037,500

SUSPENDED ON A BRANCH.—The reporters for the secular press, on the occasion of the Rutland Convention, did not find it convenient to give a fair condensed report of the proceedings and speeches as a whole. It appears that one delicate *Branch* of the subject so turned all their heads that they quite lost sight of the main body, the essential features, and the genuine facts of the late Convention. In future, if the proprietors of secular journals want reliable reports of the transactions of Free Conventions, they should employ as reporters, men of steady nerves who have outlived their youthful susceptibilities.

KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.—An eastern exchange says that Mr. Rand, who is travelling with the "Davenport boys," was assaulted and knocked down in Orland, Me., one evening not long since, by several young men who attempted to get possession of the boys. A general fight ensued and several persons were injured.

THE MOUSTACHE IN THE PULPIT.—Nearly all the English clergymen living between two and three hundred years ago, wore the moustache. In the list of those who wore the beard on the upper lip, we find the well-known names of John Donne, George Herbert, Robert Herrick, Jeremy Taylor, Thomas Fuller, Robert South, the famous John Knox and a host of others.

SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION.

Spiritualism is certainly far more closely allied to science than to superstition. Science rests on a basis of facts in which the several senses are employed to authenticate the phenomena which it is the appropriate business of science to classify and explain. Superstition, on the other hand, represents such fanciful opinions as do not rest on any matter-of-fact foundation, or such pretensions and practices as have no sufficient warrant in the laws of Nature and the light of Reason. Hence Spiritualism, of all the phases of religious belief and scientific philosophy, is the furtherest possible remove from the domain of superstition. Yet the daily papers talk with great flippancy about the "New Superstition." We extract the following from an article that appeared in the New York *Herald* of the 5th instant:

"It would be useless to deny the extent to which this new superstition prevails. The more noisy and preposterous manifestations of it have subsided as matters of public excitement; but the private practice of its manipulations and ecstacies are well known to have taken a deep hold of our community. Spirit manifestations make a chief and most exciting subject of attention in numberless households, especially in the stagnant social life of our country towns. Clergymen, travelling lecturers and colporteurs bear witness unanimously to its equally alarming and astonishing growth. It has established a new means of mental dissipation and debauchery among us, the more deplorable as its victims are mainly among women and children. Its mystical fascination, and the religious garb with which it is shielded, ensure its encouragement where it should be repressed. The sickly, exhausting and epileptic practices of mediumship have accordingly gained a hold here. Such can only be paralleled elsewhere by the vice of opium-eating in China, the worship of maniacs in India, and the like."

Of course we are not stupid enough to presume that the careless scribblers for such papers as the *Herald*, ought to be able to discriminate between science and superstition. This is obviously not one of the normal functions of such writers. While we never expect them to write the truth about Spiritualism—except by an unusual accident—we must not even require them to record their own errors in precise or correct language. Their minds are not readily vitalized by living thoughts. They are, however, afflicted with an imaginary mental *fecundity*, but every effort to give birth to an idea ends in another fæcal discharge, by which they relieve the morbid conditions of the brain.

The writer says "*the sickly, exhausting and epileptic practices of mediumship*," are gaining ground in New York. We presume that no one expects the *Herald* to perceive the difference between a vision of Heaven and a fit of epilepsy. It includes both in the same category, though the one is no more like the other than a grand opera is like the measles. What the *Herald* denominates "a new means of mental dissipation and debauchery," undoubtedly prevailed a long time ago. It became epidemic under the preaching of the eloquent apostle. Paul had a remarkable epileptic performance on his way to Damascus, and one day, about six o'clock, St. Peter went through with the aforesaid "exhausting epileptic practices" on top of a house at Joppa. "John the Divine" had a terrible fit during his temporary residence in the island of Patmos, where he saw the rest of the animal creation not named by Adam nor described by Goldsmith. The "*falling sickness*" also prevailed among the old Prophets, to an alarming degree, but they were all so blinded by the "new superstition," that they never once suspected that they were sick at all! S. B. B.

AN INSANE SPIRITUALIST.

[illegible] Have you heard the news about Mr. Goodwill?"

"No; what is it?"

"Well, they do say the old gentleman's going crazy."

"Sorry to hear it, for I always considered him a worthy man. What's the cause?"

"O, he's got to be a believer in this 'Speritooalism,' and you see its turnin' his head."

"That's bad. Have they put him in the asylum?"

"No, he is at large; but it's a question whether he ought to be."

"He isn't raving then. How does his insanity show itself?"

"Well, he's giving away all his property."

"To whom?"

"O, nobody in particular. It's a dollar here and ten dollars there, just as he takes a notion."

"Does he let his family suffer?

"O no; you know the old gentleman's well off; and his children are married and settled, and well to do in the world."

"Who gets the benefit of his loose purse-strings?"

"Well, it's poor folks mostly, I guess; but he gives a good deal to these healin' mediums, and pays 'em to go round amongst sick people with their nonsense."

"Bad as that?"

"Yes, the old man seems to have a perfect mono-mania for giving away his money. If he goes on at this rate he wont have a dollar to leave his family when he dies; and our church'll never get that donation they were calculatin' on. I think something ought to be done for his case. It's too bad to see a man like him losing his interest in the church and wasting his property in this way. This 'Speritooalism' ought not to be tolerated."

"Well, I don't profess to be very pious myself, and I suppose I don't know much about these matters; but I remember, when I was a boy, of hearing something like this, as the way to insure eternal life: 'Sell all thou hast, and give to the poor.' It may have been a madman that said it; likely it was; my memory 's not good on that point. At any rate, it wouldn't do for these times."

The conversation turned upon another subject of gossip—Deacon Pinch—who, it was whispered, had made a speculation of several thousands out of his late failure, and who only yesterday cheated an honest mechanic out of twenty dollars, hard earnings.

There was no doubt whatever of Deacon Pinch's sanity.

Save the names of Goodwill and Pinch, the above is faithful to the original. X.

L. K. COONLEY AT THE WEST.—L. K. Coonley was at last accounts in Marysville, Ky., engaged in public trance-speaking and healing the sick. The Marysville *Eagle* mentions the fact of his curing a little daughter of Mr. Taylor of that place of violent and protracted epilepsy.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.—A note from Prof. Otis in reply to allusions to him in last week's AGE, was received too late for insertion; it will appear next week. A letter from Dr. Dods on the "Gospel of Jesus," we shall also endeavor to make room for.

GROVE MEETING.—A grove meeting of the friends of Spiritualism is to be held in West Randolph, Vt., on the 8th of August, not on the 25th of July as erroneously announced in the *World's Paper*.

PARIS GOSSIP ABOUT HUME.

Our neighbors of *La Belle France* are a fanciful people—*spirituelle*, but rarely spiritual. Their every day philosophy is a refined sensuousness. Everything—but Imperial politics—is sublimated to the very verge of spirituality without losing its hold on the material senses. Gossamer dresses, trifles light as air, bubbles and balloons still lighter, are incessantly floating in the ether of Paris. The eye is constantly delighted, the ear entranced, with sights and sounds which exalt the mind to the loftiest region of fancy, without translating it into purely spiritual realms. The enchantment of dreamland—artificial moon-gleams, cascades silver with gas-light, elysian fields of exotics, airy sylphs and sprites only human because feminine—make the Parisian's paradise. The rough, tough and healthy look of wild nature and sunlight will not do for him. Trees, flowers and humans are artificially trained and trimmed, till they are strangely unlike what nature designed them to be. The commonest things borrow some kaleidoscopic phase which fascinates the sense and cheats the understanding.

This luminous murkiness through which the Frenchman peers, gives odd contortions to his views of spiritual phenomena. To read some of the descriptions of mediumistic performances one would think he had been suddenly carried to some realm of the "Arabian Nights" or set to quiz the magic of some ancient alchemist. Plain statements of fact yield to *hocus pocus*, and we are left to surmise what the feat was, or how it was done.

One of the Paris papers gossips about Hume in the following mystic strain. We copy from the New York *Tribune:*

D. D. Hume, the famous spirit rapper, is to marry on the 19th of this month, at St. Petersburg, Mlle. Kroll, sister-in-law of the rich and magnificent Count of Kouchelef-Besborodko, who will give his sister a dowry worthy the magnificence of a Potemkin. They speak of a million of roubles, and of lots of peasants endowed with extraordinary quantities of spirituality.

Count Kouchelef, Hume, and Alexander Dumas, who accompanies them and who will be Hume's witness, have left Paris for Russia. They are to embark at Stettin; thence they go to St. Petersburg. There Dumas will leave Hume and go to Moscow; he will visit in succession Tiflis and Schamyl, Sevastopol, Odessa, Constantinople and Tyrol. Then he is to return to Paris, to embark at Havre for Greece in the sail and screw yacht which M. Mazoline is at present building for him.

While Alexander Dumas is thus going round the world, Hume will return to Paris with his wife and the dowry, and they say that after the examples of Mesmer and Cagliostro, he is going to found at Paris a grand establishment of supernatural communications—a sort of Spiritualistic Exchange.

To this establishment there will be joined a school of *Fluidism*, where the rich will be initiated in that great mystery—requiring a sacrifice proportioned to their wealth. This school will be divided into three classes. The first will be a sort of gymnasium, purely mechanical, where will be shown the methods of disengaging the fluid by exercises at once physical and intellectual. Everybody possesses the spiritual fluid, and if some appear to be without it, it is because they do not know how to produce its disengagement. Hume said as much to us not long ago; and to make himself understood he added the following explanation:

"Here is a cake of resin. This cake contains a great quantity of electricity. But this electricity does not manifest itself—it produces no phenomena—it sleeps. To awaken it I take this catskin and strike the cake of resin, and the electricity manifests its presence in a lively manner."

The first class of the school of fluids will be that in which they will operate on the natures possessing latent fluid, as they operate upon the resin with the catskin; accordingly we will call this the Catskin Class.

In the second class the fluid being [illegible] and active, they will show how to direct it by faith and by will. It [illegible] cient to have the fluid, it must also be known how to use it.

The mode of using it is, then, what they will teach in the class. In leaving this class the adepts will know how to turn tables, to summon spirits, to question them, to receive answers, and, in fact, to place themselves in communication with the other world. This is the class of Reception.

But when this is known, all is not yet done. This is only to be in communication with the spiritual world—it remains yet to learn how to profit by these communications. They must not be regarded as useless play, as a series of curious but unfruitful experiments. We must learn all that the spirits know more than we do; we must use them to elevate ourselves, to make us better, richer and more powerful.

That is what will be learned in the third class.

Well-informed persons pretend that, before returning to Paris, Hume will pass through Holstein, where he will visit, in the cave whither he has retired, the celebrated Count of St. Germain, from whom he expects to obtain—for the spirits have promised it him—twenty-seven of the fourteen thousand seven hundred secrets which the immortal Count carries in his bosom.

These twenty-seven secrets—the most important of the ancient Egyptian Cabala, and which are to restore to us the mysteries of Isis and Anubis—these twenty-seven secrets, together with the four that Hume already knows, are to form a total of superhuman knowledge which will make the happy initiated equal in power, beauty, longevity, health, happiness and knowledge with the inhabitants of the planets of the third order. The earth, it is well-known, is only a poor planet of the forty-fourth order.

The third class will be called the class of Results.

We are informed that while M. Hume will open his School of Fluidism for men, and will make the living talk with the dead, Madame Hume, on her side, will direct a similar school for females.

The number of pupils can never exceed sixty on the part of the males and sixty on the part of the females. Each class will be composed of thirty persons.

It is pretended that a company composed of some very wealthy Russians and some Frenchmen, is formed for the establishment of these institutions, and that they are now negotiating for the purchase of the lands of the Hotel d'Osmont in Paris.

When these two schools are finally opened, Paris will be really the capital of the world. The plans are already in preparation. Two temples are spoken of, of the Egyptian order, connected by a gallery, in the centre of which, beneath a circular pavillion, surmounted by a cupola, will be placed a large circular table, around which eighty-two persons of both sexes, in alternate order, can be seated. These eighty-two persons will be Mr. and Madame Hume, forty male pupils and forty female pupils. The scholars of the first class cannot assist in turning the sacred table.

The table being set in motion, the spirits evoked, and the mysteries prepared, the twenty men and the twenty women of the second class will retire, and it is only for the initiated of the third class that the miracles will take place, and the eyes of the mind be opened.

The extract below, from another Parisian journal, is quite as Frenchy as the preceding. How would it tell on an *intrigue* to be medium? is a question we should not expect to hear asked out of France, where *liaisons* are the fashionable loves, and where marriage is mostly a cool conventional speculation.

Last winter, as everybody who was in Paris was aware, the only person sworn by, believed in and trusted, was the famous Mr. Hume the spirit-medium. But since he has thought and talked of marriage, his star has disappeared, and public attention has been diverted to other equally wonderful men and things. The fall was heavy, but whose the fault? Undeniably Hume's alone. When one has had the honor to break in pieces one of the large arm chairs in the Tuileries, and stop a clock at the word of the emperor; when, at Bordeaux, at the house of Madame Ducos, widow of the former Minister of Marine, in presence of a distinguished company, after the fashion of Marie d' Agreda, of Agnes of Bohemia, of Saint Dominique, of Saint Bernard, etc., etc. he has raised himself from the floor to the height of the ceiling, and remained suspended there for some minutes; when, at the house of the Count d' Komar on the *Champs Elysees*, a lustre of immense weight has been transported by his power from one side of his room to another, repeatedly, in the presence of numerous witnesses; when, at

the residence of the same gentlemen, flowers have been gathered from a *jardiniere* by invisible hands and distributed among assembled ladies; when bells have been made to ring and cups and saucers to dance by the single effort of his will; when he has served as postman to the residents of another world for communicating with people of this one; when able to enter or leave a mansion without ringing or crying the usual *Cordon s'il vous plait*—naturally he may expect to create some sensation; but he must marry!

"Particularly," observed the pretty Countess de L——, "as he exposes a charming woman to the Lord knows what! For example, the honeymoon is over, and the next moon has commenced. She is at the theatre or the ball; the chevalier *n'importe qui* is more fascinating, more attentive than ever! She smiles upon him graciously, which stimulates him to the unpardonable boldness of a gentle pressure of the hand. The pressure is permitted—perhaps, who knows—is returned, when lo! the husband intercepts everything. Another time it is a flower timidly offered—'it is covered with my tears and my kisses,' whispers a passionate voice in her ear, and, concealing it in her corsage, close to her troubled heart, she murmurs—'Poor young man! how discreet! how tender!' Another snare of the husband! His is the hand, his the mysterious voice which whispers tears and kisses, and all the time she innocently believes him in Touraine or Normandie or elsewhere! It is provoking, it is insufferable! but behold what it is to *marry a medium!*"

Boston and Vicinity.

A Pleasant Wedding.

The writer was invited to pass Saturday afternoon at the hospitable mansion of ALLEN PUTNAM, Esq., Roxbury, with the understanding that a few Spiritualist friends would be present, and that some communications might be expected from the spirit-land. There was quite an assemblage of old familiar faces—pioneers in Spiritualism—diligent seekers for truth—men of mature age, learned and wise; judges, philosophers and merchants, together with middle aged and young men and women—all firm believers in spirit-communion; and several highly developed, well-known mediums. After a pleasant half hour or so passed in conversation, the spirits announced, through a young gentleman, that we had been called together for the purpose of witnessing a marriage between two persons, for whom they, as well as ourselves, felt the highest regard and love.

This announcement was followed shortly after by the entrance of Mr. WILLARD B. FELTON and Miss FRANCES ANN BURBANK—the parties to be united. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Putnam, in his capacity of magistrate, and the same gentleman offered a fervent and eloquent prayer for the blessing of our Heavenly Father and His ministering spirits upon the newly wedded pair, to which every heart present responded most cordially. The highly gifted Mrs. Hyzer then took a seat between the bride and bridegroom, improvised and sang the following stanzas to a beautiful accompaniment on the Melodeon:

Dear wedded ones! we come to twine
The fragrant myrtle round your brows,—
We've listened at Truth's inmost shrine
To your unselfish nuptial vows,
And we would give love's sweet caress,
Your hearts to cheer, your souls to bless.

Your burning tear-drops we have caught,
As relics of your growing powers—
Upon this bridal wreath they're brought,
Flashing like dew on early flowers;
And they are bathing gently now
A virgin bride's unsullied brow.

Thus all who wear the piercing thorns,
In Truth's great name shall be baptized
In love and beauty, and be born
Into the rest of paradise,—
Shall find each earthly fetter riven,
And pass o'er Calvary to Heaven.

We bless you! Love and Wisdom bright
Shall guide ye onward evermore;
Celestial Beauty's pearly light
Shall guide ye to that gem-starred shore,
Where ye can claim the great reward
From [illegible] full garner of our Lord.

[illegible]irits then, through another medium, expressed [illegible] their young friends, their entire satisfaction with their course hitherto and their wishes for their future conduct, in the most touching and satisfying manner, closing with an appeal to their friends, present and absent, to stand by and sustain them in their future labors whenever they might need aid or encouragement—an appeal which was responded to by all present with hearty good will.

The whole proceedings must have been—indeed, evidently were—highly gratifying to both parties, but especially to Miss Burbank, who took this most important step in her earth-life in the presence of a large company of friends who have heretofore profited by her ministering, and of whose regard and confidence—considering the high character and social position of most of them—she may well be proud.

The kindest wishes and most heartfelt prayers of all who were present at the marriage ceremony, and of many who were not, will follow this couple to their every field of labor, while the instructions, blessing and protection of the unseen, which have guided and guarded them hitherto, will guide and guard them still.

Mrs. Hyzer at the Melodeon.

On Sunday morning last Mrs. Hyzer commenced the exercises at the Melodeon by singing a metrical impromptu, in which each stanza ended thus:

"I am in the Father, and the Father in me."

The same words were taken as the text for a discourse which was one of the most heart-stirring that has been listened to in that hall. The influences seemed to flow through her organism with unobstructed freedom and effect. Not alone the more susceptible portion of her hearers, but many altogether unused to the melting mood, found the depths of feeling moved to an overflowing in tears.

In the evening she gave a lecture on Immortality, previous to which she gave a history of her development and experience as a medium which was listened to with marked attention by the audience. A sketch of her narrative, for which we could not make room in the present issue, will appear in the AGE next week.

R. P. AMBLER IN SALEM.—We think we do not exaggerate, when we say that Mr. R. P. Ambler—who is to lecture in Lyceum Hall, to-morrow and the Sabbath following—is one of the finest speakers who ever addressed a Salem audience. He speaks, as does Miss Hardinge, by impression. True eloquence, with fluency and clear enunciation of speech, render him a perfect model for pulpit oratory; and as an analogical reasoner he is rarely surpassed. His lectures in other cities have been well attended and duly appreciated.—*Salem Observer, 17th.*

Dr. J. W. GREENWOOD, the well-known healing medium will be absent until the first of August on a visit to Maine. He is authorized to receive subscriptions to the AGE. His rooms in Boston will be occupied during his absence by Miss Moore, rapping, writing and trance-medium.

REMARKABLE CASE OF ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD.—A lady at South Dartmouth—Mrs. Phœbe Nye—who is afflicted with a rose cancer, has taken nothing but cold water into her stomach for more than four weeks. She retains her mental faculties.

MEETINGS NEXT SUNDAY.—Although the regular meetings have closed for the season, the Melodeon will be open next Sunday, morning and evening, when L. Judd Pardee is expected to speak.

HENNIKER SPRINGS, N. H.—There will be a spiritual meeting at this place, on Sunday, Aug. 8th. Joseph Elliott, Mrs. J. Abbott, J. H. Currier, and other speakers will participate in the exercises.

The Convention of the Bridgewater Normal Association will be held on Wednesday, July 28. Free return tickets will be furnished by the officers of the Association.

THE FIRST DEAD HEAD.—"Who was the first man recorded in history who didn't pay?" said the elder Matthews, as he was handing a theatrical order to a friend.

"Why, really, I never gave it a thought," replied the friend.

"Why, Joseph, of course," said Matthews; "did not his brothers put him in the *pit for nothing?*"

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, July 16th.

Mr. SWACKHAMMER proposed that the question heretofore submitted, "The evils of life and their remedy," be taken up, and that that branch of it—the practical application of the law of love—debated at the last session, be continued.

Dr. ORTON called attention to an article in the New York *Herald*, which he regarded as one of the signs of the times. Spiritualism is there set down as a power in the State, which is making itself felt. From the smallest beginnings it has suddenly grown into magnitude, numbering more than a million of professors, and pervading jury-box, ballot-box, halls of legislation, the bench, the press, and even the pulpit, and threatening ecclesiasticism with an opposing array, such as it has not confronted since the Reformation. Spiritualists, this paper represents, as an independent, sturdy, democratic, pay-as-you-go sort of people, who claim the right to think for themselves, be their own priests, and get to Heaven in their own way; who, without any organizations, or meeting-houses, or funded property of any sort, or ministers, or officers, or delegates, or any written or implied compact, sustain meetings for devotion and lectures, on the cash system; hold conventions, and act in concert, with a unitary central formula accepted by all, making it a "cardinal duty to oppose and destroy all *authoritarianism* in Religion."

The speaker said, that the application of the law of love, or kindness, had been attempted, at the last session, to the affairs of the family, to schools, to the relation between creditor and debtor, and to the treatment of convicts. There was another point connected with our criminal jurisprudence, to which he wished to call attention. The animus of our present prison laws is, to restrain offenders by fear, and to save community from their depredations by shutting them up. The application of the better principle would seem to require a reversal of this, and that the reform of the criminal should become the chief object of the law. Instead, therefore, of sentencing convicts for five, ten, or twenty years, or during life, the application of the new principle would involve an indefinite sentence—*till they should be fit to become members of society again.* This point might be determined by a Commission; and though, doubtless, many might be set free who would return to crime again, society could scarcely fail to be a gainer, for many would be reformed; while the present system sets every one loose, better or worse, at the termination of his sentence; and it is pretty generally conceded that a vast majority come out of prison seven-fold more the children of the devil than they were when they went in.

Mr. SWACKHAMMER: He regarded all dabbling with outside matters, as mere *dabble.* While we reform prisons, crime is accumulating in a greater ratio, even within the sound of our church bells. It is the same with colonization; the same with temperance. We are always dealing with effects, instead of causes. Love is the law of affinity. Men pray—

"Lord, bless me and my wife,
My brother John and his wife;
Us four, and no more."

This is the common every day application of love. A man should act from principle. Humanity has certain needs, intellectual, moral, religious and physical. Supply these, and we reach the root of the evil. All else is dealing with effects. He was heartily discouraged at the blindness of reformers in their efforts, and was ready to despair of humanity.

Dr. ORTON took a rapid survey of the advances made in this steam and telegraphic age, and thought that we had every reason to be of good cheer. It was in vain to expect men to think and act alike; and perhaps it was better that they should not. Even the one-idea men, who are so often strongly condemned, fill a most important place in the economy of progress. They are the comets of its system, whose office it is to flash across the sky, in divergent and luminous tracks, and with threatening aspect; to startle and arouse the common mind, and fill it with electricity; which otherwise might be expected to move on in its untroubled and lethargic current, to finally lose itself in the waters of oblivion. We must regenerate the world with such materials as we have, and be content with obvious good results.

[illegible] description of a diagram, prepared by Mr. Ryerson, of Chicago, under the direction of spirits, to illustrate, as was declared, the geological formation of the earth, and the successive unfolding therefrom of animals, birds, men, spirits and angels! This diagram, it appears, is a machine, instead of a chart, and as by some accident it had failed to arrive, farther consideration of the subject was adjourned over to Sunday.

Dr. GRAY said: One of the remedies for the evils of life, and the most important one within our reach, is the spirit-circle. A temporary change of mind, amounting to a good resolution, may be produced, psycho-dynamically, by one mind acting on another. Such are revivals, and the improvement is evanescent. Real growth is salvation, and is only to be obtained by taking truth into the inner man. The spirit-circle has these advantages. 1. It associates us with higher minds on our own highest plane. 2. It promotes an interchange of thought between ourselves, on our highest plane. But it is certain that circles have their dangers. Everything depends on the purpose for which its members come together. If use, that end will be gained; if novelty, they will only grow in the faculty of wonder. Those who have either a mesmeric or mental antipathy, should not sit together. This rule regarded, and a circle may be constituted without reference to degree of development, or previous history. The saint and sinner, old age and childhood, may then come together, for they meet on their divine side. A low man will meet with a reflector of himself, which he will deem to come from bad spirits. But the circle is indispensable. It is sure to set a man free, and cut him loose from all reliance on authority. He will at once begin to inquire, What are my relations to God, to my fellow-men, to the spirit-world, to the past and the future? He begged all to form circles, and keep a record of proceedings, even if they had no medium. They would find it profitable to listen to each other's inspirations, and help each other's aspirations. But care should be taken not to exhaust the circle. An hour and a half, once a week, was enough. This would give thought for the week, and wisdom for life.

J. R. O.

MUNSON'S LIBRARY AND CIRCLES.—In connection with his book establishment, Mr. Munson has inaugurated a fine Library and Reading Room, for the accommodation of Spiritualist inquirers. It contains not only all books of any note, ancient and modern, connected with the manifestation of spirits, and the spiritual journals of the day, but also the chief works in all the departments of Reform, together with a choice selection from current and standard literature. His public circles, held now both day and evening, we are glad to hear, have also proved a success. Dr. Redman is at present absent on account of the illness of his wife; but the interest of the soirees is fully maintained by Mr. Conklin, Mrs. Seymour (the psychometrist), and Miss J. E. B——, a medium incog., who has recently been discovered to possess remarkable powers.

O.

FIRST FRUITS OF THE RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.—The *Herald* says that a state of wild religious excitement, such as prevailed in New York and throughout the country last winter, has, like everything in this world, its bright and its dark sides. If it brought some pugilists and burglars and reprobates to the foot of the cross, it also brought some innocent women to shame—women whom the exaltation of the occasion deprived of their ordinary control over their own actions, and rendered irresponsible for them. Two such cases have been recently brought to light in this city and its neighbor across the East river; although it must be said that the male offenders in each case—both men high in social position—asseverate their innocence, and declare themselves ready to prove it. Whether the charges in these particular cases are true or not, it is none the less certain that many an unprincipled libertine availed himself of the half frenzied condition of females in these religious revivals to pursue his nefarious purposes, and was the better able to do so under the garb of assumed piety.

There have been, of course, bright sides to the picture. Among others was the spectacle presented yesterday in this city of two reformed actors, preaching morning and evening to attentive congregations, and probably reciting the parallel case of the conversion of St. Paul on his way to Damascus. Thus it is that all things contain their good and their evil. We may well be thankful if, in the recent religious excitement, the evil did not predominate.

ARCANA OF CHRISTIANITY.—T. L. Harris' new work with this title is just issued. It will doubtless attract much attention.

Compend of Facts.

Physical Manifestations in Woburn.

Mr. Joseph Dow, of Woburn, Mass., writes us as follows:—

Mrs. J. W. Currier, the celebrated test-medium who has been stopping for a short time in our village, held a circle for spiritual manifestations, at my house as above stated; the strange results of which I will now briefly relate:

The raps were heard very loud, questions answered, names spelled out, &c. A very heavy extension table was violently raised from the floor without being touched by any person present. The medium suddenly observed that she saw a spirit form standing in the room and holding what appeared to her a bunch of flowers. A few moments after, we were startled by an exclamation from one of our company who pointed upward, and on looking in the direction indicated we distinctly saw a bunch of flowers, which dropped into the lap of one of the ladies present. It proved to be a boquet of field flowers neatly tied with a piece of white muslin. In the course of the evening several other articles were brought from the adjoining room, by some unseen power.

On Friday evening, June 25th, during another sitting, entirely new phenomena were witnessed. We asked if the spirits could play upon the piano through the medium; they responded by lond raps, it could be done. We immediately formed a circle around the piano; several tunes in psalmody were played with great accuracy. A large music book which was laying on the instrument was violently tossed into the lap of one of the ladies present; also a volume of Dr. Kane's work was taken from a centre table in the room and laid upon the piano. These last phenomena occurred in a darkened apartment, but every possible precaution was taken to prevent collusion of any kind. These are new developments in Mrs. Currier's mediumship.

An Interesting Case.

A case of "Spiritual manifestation" occurred in this city last week, which is worthy of the notice of scoffers and gainsayers, for whose sake we publish it.

A gentleman was present from Alabama, who was formerly known as an able editor, and now as a lawyer of repute in one of the south-eastern counties of that State, whose name is suppressed for obvious reasons, but which is at the service of any one wishing to verify the facts. To this gentleman a communication was addressed from the spirit of a lady who has often favored the circle with valued information and counsel, when the following colloquy took place:

Medium.—Is the spirit of a friend present?

Answer.—Yes, C——, I am here, what do you want?

Q.—Do you know B?

A.—Yes.

Q.—What is his name?

A.—Did you not just tell me?

Q.—What is his other name?

A.—G——.

Q. by G.—When did you know me?

A.—When you were a boy; I think in '29. We went to the Sabbath School together.

Q.—Who was my teacher?

A.—I do not know, but Miss Holmes was mine. Ignatius Few was preacher in charge. I am not sure it was in '29, but somewhere about there. I died in '43.

Q.—Can you tell me any incident by which I can be enabled to recognize or identify you?

A.—There is no incident I know of, that would make you know me, because I was not intimate with you. You married in '33, if I mistake not.

Q.—Do you know whom I married?

A.—Yes, Citty—we all called her so. Her name was Catherine C——.

Q.—Had she a middle name?

A.—I do not know if she had a middle name or not. (Signed) SARAH WILKERSON.

[Having written the name, the medium immediately proceeded to write thus:]

Yes, B.—, do you not remember [illegible] and Mary, your sister, at my father's, and the door fell on her and liked to have killed her. It mashed her skull.

This was sufficient. The gentleman, his mother and sister, present, all remembered the incident well, as having occurred in the western part of Georgia, near the Chatahoochee river. The other facts communicated were also recognized as true by the parties concerned.—*Georgia Citizen.*

Facts from a Clergyman.

A clerical correspondent of the *Telegraph* relates the following facts. He says he is conversant with many more of a similar character:—

The other day I was in conversation with a man of the "olden time," who was giving me some portions of his experience. He was a religionist, good and honest, but anchored to the past, and a disbeliever in progress. He came to a certain portion of his life, when he became very solemn, and proceeded to tell me how he was first awakened to serious thought. He heard some one rapping loudly on the outside door, one evening, and went and opened the door, but saw no signs of any person. He turned to go back, when he again heard three loud, distinct knocks. He again opened the door, but saw no person. He now felt alarmed and "solemn," and he felt that something was about to happen. He went on to tell how his wife and friends laughed at him. He also stated, subsequent to the above occurrence, he saw, while sitting at dinner one day, a ball of blue light pass across the table.

—

I am acquainted with an individual who, while watching with a sick person, heard the door-bell ring violently during the night. Search was made for the persons, but no persons could be found. The bell was rung repeatedly. This person is no believer in Spiritualism.

—

A case has just come under my notice, which happened in a family of not much reading, and not at all conversant with Spiritualism. A lady died of consumption. A day or two before she died, she heard beautiful singing, and asked her attendants if they heard it, and where it was. None heard it but herself. Occurrences like this are common. They are met by saying, "poor woman, she's a little lost in her mind." And so they pass by unheeded. I think it a good idea to collate these various phenomona, and show by an accumulation of facts, that there must be some philosophy connected with them.

A Wraith.

The author of the book called "Accredited Ghost Stories" (whose name I at this moment forget, and I have not the book at hand) gives on his own authority, the following circumstances, professing to be acquainted with the parties:

A company were visiting York cathedral, when a gentleman and a lady, who had detached themselves from the rest, observed an officer wearing a naval uniform approaching them; he walked quickly, saying to the lady, as he passed, "There *is* another world."

The gentleman, seeing her greatly agitated pursued the stranger, but lost sight of him, and nobody had seen such a person but themselves.

On returning to his companion, she told him that it was her brother, who was then abroad with his ship, and with whom she had frequently held discussions as to whether there was a future life. The news of the young man's death shortly reached the family.

In this case the brother must have been dead; the spirit must have passed out of this world into that other, the existence of which he came to certify. This is one of those cases which—happening not long ago—leads one especially to regret the want of moral courage which prevents people giving up their names and avowing their experience. The author of the above-mentioned book, from which we borrow this story, says that the sheet had gone to the press with the real names of the parties attached, but that he was requested to withdraw them as it would be painful to the family.

A Case of Second Sight.

Goethe relates that as he was once in an uneasy state of mind, riding along the footpath toward Drusenheim, he saw, "not with the eyes of his body, but with those of his spirit," himself on horseback coming toward him, in a dress he did not possess. It was gray and trimmed with gold. The figure disappeared; but eight years afterward he found himself, quite accidentally, on the spot, on horseback, and in precisely that attire.

Items of Interest.

A SOMNAMBULIST.—Between two and three o'clock this morning, a female figure, robed in white, made its appearance at Fourth and Pine streets, and commenced a walk in the neighborhood of Dr. Brainerd's church. The figure strode around the graveyard in true phantom style, and paid no heed whatever to the queries of those who, with chattering teeth, ventured to question it. It continued to stalk backward and forward for some time under the shadow of the graveyard wall, and it was not long before the rumor that a ghost was to be seen gathered quite a crowd of gazers, even at that unseasonable hour.

Several policemen were among the lookers on, but they did not consider it their duty to meddle with unsubstantial visions, and her ghostship was suffered to continue her weary walk undisturbed for some time. Finally, an officer, who was either skeptical concerning "spirits" as a class, or who considered it "writ down in his duty" to intercept all irregular individuals, whether real or spiritual, siezed the ghost by the arm and became satisfied that she was flesh and blood. Encouraged by this discovery, he marched her to the Fifth Ward Station House, where it was found that the supposed spectre was a real, substantial woman, who had got out of her bed at a house in Hurst street, in a somnambulic fit, and scared a portion of the community from their propriety, by parading around a graveyard in her night clothes. Even after reaching the station house, it was some time before the somnambulist could be aroused.—*Philadelphia Bulletin, July 13.*

EXTRAORDINARY RECOVERY.—Br. J. D. Hodge, of Canton Mills, sends us an account of the remarkable recovery of the child of Mr. G. Gammon of that place, from what was regarded as a fatal sickness, after being given over by the regular physician in attendance. He states that when all other means of recovery seemed hopeless, Dr. Hamilton Martin, a Spiritualist healing medium, was called in, and without asking any questions in regard to the disease, was influenced to make passes over the child, who in a short time began to manifest signs of improvement, which continued through the night, and in a few days he was well and able to be about his play as usual. This remarkable cure was witnessed by many of the neighbors, and it is believed by most of those cognizant of the facts, that the child's life was saved by spiritual influences manifested through Dr. Martin.—*Gospel Banner.*

BAPTIST MORALITY.—The *General Baptist Banner*, published in Murray, Ky., says:

"While we as a denomination tolerate dram-drinking, we advise the brethren to use it cautiously, and for God's sake let the sacred and holy minister of God touch it lightly."

What a droll theology, to say nothing of the morality. A Christian denomination tolerating dram-drinking, and recommending the "holy ministers of God to touch it lightly!"

A COMMENTARY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF ANIMALS.—On Friday evening, 11th inst., a German boy in Cleveland, nine years old, capsized in a small boat, on the lake; and a large Newfoundland dog noticing his perilous condition plunged into the water, seized the boy as he was sinking the last time, and brought him safely to the shore. Having completed his work of mercy the noble animal shook himself and ran down the street.

A HOME QUESTION.—A little girl whose mind and heart we are trying to educate, sometimes repays us by teaching us. The other day she said: "Father, ——— says that if boys swear, God will burn them up in fire and brimstone forever; but I told her God would not do that, for that would be worse than swearing. And it would, wouldn't it?" What could we reply?

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL.

Prof. J. L. D. OTIS will speak at Cambridgeport, Mass., July 25th; Putney, Vt., Aug. 1st; at Portland, Me., or Milford, N. H., Aug. 8th; Lowell, Mass., Aug. 15th; Waltham, Aug. 22d; Dover, Vt., Aug. 29th; Sutton, N. H., Sept. 5th; Stoddard, N. H., Sept. 12th. His P. O. address will for the present be Lowell, Mass.

SPIRITUALISM [illegible] *Logic and Philosophy of Destiny.*—On the first of [illegible] Mr. R. K. Browne, the "Epoch" and "Rivulet" of [illegible] columns, will be prepared to lecture consecutively on the topics referred to in the above heading. Mr. Brittan will vouch for his fitness to engage in the work. Letters to Mr. B. should be superscribed "R. K. Browne, care of S. T. Munson, Spiritual Publishing House, 5 Great Jones street, New York."

GEORGE ATKINS will receive calls to lecture in the trance-state on the Sabbath, or at any other time. He may be addressed at Webster, Mass.

LORING MOODY will lecture in Dover, N. H., July 25th; Newburyport, Mass., Aug. 1st; Haverhill, Aug. 8th; Lawrence, Aug. 15th; Lowell, Aug. 22d; and will also speak in any neighboring town on other evenings of the week.

Friends in each place are requested to see that no lecture fails for want of needful arrangements. Mr. Moody will act as agent for the "Spiritual Age."

Dr. C. C. YORK, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, respectfully informs the afflicted that he is prepared to respond to their calls, in any place where his services are desired. His method of healing is from spirit directions—by the laying on of hands, and by remedies from the vegetable kingdom. Address in care of Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will receive calls to lecture in the trance state upon the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Mrs. C. is a Clairvoyant, Healing, and Test Medium. Address J. W. CURRIER, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. C. M. TUTTLE leaves for Saratoga Springs, N. Y., after the first week in July; and for the West on about the first or middle of August. Any who desire Mrs. Tuttle's lectures on the route of Buffalo, Cleveland, O., and the Southern Michigan Railroad, to Laporte, Ind.,

Obituary Notices.

BORN INTO A HIGHER SPHERE, June 18th, SARAH M. SHEDD, from Chester, Vt.

How joyous, how happifying, must have been that birth! What a glorious new Day must it have ushered in, to a spirit freed from the trials, the obstacles, the pains, of an unfortunate earth-life, and introduced to a state of existence not only freed from these, but favorable to the expansion for which it had so anxiously longed and so earnestly aspired!

An earth-life of 38 years had been to Sarah, if not one of actual suffering, at least almost entirely destitute of the gratifications and pleasures which others experience while passing it. From her earliest years she had been the victim of disease, and afterwards of the worse than ineffectual agents employed as remedies and curatives; but which, instead of accomplishing their desired object, fastened their ruthless, inextricable fangs upon her physical constitution, upon which they preyed during her entire earthly existence; thus subjecting her to annoyance, suffering, deformity and finally dissolution.

Thus was was the body made a sort of prison for the spirit instead of a convenient, beautiful mansion, in which for it to dwell.

At the bars and gratings of this prison-house the spirit was daily struggling for freedom, for a wider range for expression of thoughts and desires; for a larger sphere of action; this it could not attain while surrounded by confined, distorted walls, and thus I say a freedom from these hindrances must have been a glorious event.

A spirit was thereby enabled to wing its way to regions which it was eminently prepared to enter and for which it had long yearned. For from its first manifestation upon earth, Sarah had been a real, consistent, philosophical believer in Spiritualism. She saw in that the only rational solution of the problem of her own existence; of a spirit longing for great and noble attainments, yet debarred by unavoidable circumstances from ever securing them in this sphere. It was to her, therefore, a source of inexpressible satisfaction, for in anticipation she enjoyed the delights of her spiritual life before she entered upon its realities; which anticipations compensated her for much of the earth pleasure of which she was deprived, and made her stay here far less unpleasant.

A beautiful and ennobling guardian angel will she be to some earth friend. Oh! that she might become mine!

T. M. B.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK, JULY 24, 1858.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—J. Dow, C. V. Allan, F. M. B., R. Rowe, M. Wright, H. F. Shedd, H. DeLong, J. Jones, H. S. Banning, R. B. Newton, L. Robinson, M. M. Dunn, L. Moore, J. M. Reynolds, Higgins Bros., J. W. Scudder, P. R. Parker, H. Dunn, H. Smith, C. E. Houghton, J. Moore, C. Hubbard, B. F. Hatch, M. A. Townsend, J. Stott, D. F. Randall, P. C. Simmons, F. A. Williams, N. Clark, S. M. Lott, C. E. Peckham, S. Albro, E. Snow, E. Locke, F. L. Wadsworth, S. Barry & Co., L. C. Stebbins & Co., L. Hoxie, C. A. Elliot, G. W. Pratt, J. R. Talmadge, B. W. Wheeler, C. H. Wade, N. R. Gore, J. H. Rhodes, D. C. Daniel, J. W. Currier, G. Bailey, J. L. D. Otis, S. B. Nichols, A. F. Chatfield, E. H. Goulding, T. S. Merrill, L. F. Barry, A. H. Erst, A. Keyes, J. B. Dods, L. Bliss, J. Noble, Jr., J. M. Scribner, R. Keeney.

GEORGE STEARNS, author of "The Mistake of Christendom," will answer calls, in any direction, to lecture on the various Impositions of Ecclesiastical Authority, as well as on the Rational Evidence of Life after Death, and Prospective Happiness therein. Address, until further notice, West Acton, Mass.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—L. JUDD PARDEE will speak in the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 10 1-2 A. M. and 7 3-4 o'clock, P. M.

MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET.—A CIRCLE for medium development and spiritual manifestations will be held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock. Admission 5 cents.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, may be addressed at No. 3 Winter street, Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store).

TERMS—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business, and charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps to pay return postage, for his efforts to obtain an answer, but does not guarantee an answer for this sum.

Persons who wish a guarantee will receive an answer to their letters, or the letter and money will be returned in *thirty days from its reception.* Charge for guarantee, $3.

No letters will receive attention unless accompanied with the proper fee.

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. 39 tf

Miss HODGES, Healing and Trance Medium, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 19 Berlin street. 29

Miss WATERMAN, Trance and Test Medium, 142 Harrison Avenue. Hours, 9 to 12 and 3 to 9. Terms fifty cents per hour.

Miss E. MOORE, Rapping, Writing, and Trance TEST Medium. Rooms No. 15 Tremont street, up stairs, opposite the Museum. Hours from 9 to 12 and 2 to 7.

Mrs. DICKINSON, No. 38 Beach street, Seer, Healing and Trance Medium, gives communications concerning the Past, Present and Future.

Miss R. T. AMEDY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at 32 Allen street, Boston. ☞ She will also attend funerals.

Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, 24 1-2 Winter street—Room Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

Mrs. KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery place, up one flight of stairs door No. 4. Hours 9 to 1 and 2 to 5: Terms 50 cents a seance.

Mrs. BEAN, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium. Hours from 9 to 1 A. M. for Medical Examinations, and 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. for Manifestations, at No. 30 Eliot street.

CIRCLES AT MUNSON'S ROOMS,

NO. 5 GREAT JONES ST., NEW YORK.

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A MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE AT SEA.

NARRATED BY MARK MORRIS, FISHERMAN AND MARINER.

There were two of us. The sun was setting in red gold. In long swells the great Atlantic, ridgy as a wheat field, capped with white sheaves left standing by the reapers, looked us in the face wherever we turned the eye. There was not a sail to be seen. For swallows twittering in the air, we had but the dumb flying fish, who, chased from the water by bonitos, would flutter a fathom or so and then fall victims to their fierce pursuers. We must have been not far from the outer edge of the gulf-stream. All day we had been slowly idling upon the water, but now the long and level lines of ocean, green in this gulf-stream as a country lane, were rising and falling beneath us, to compare great things by small, like a drawing-room carpet shaken by stout serving men.

As I said, there were two of us. A heavy dew had fallen the night before, and I had made shift by spreading our under garments upon the seats and flooring of the jolly boat, to obtain about a pint of water. This I had wrung out into a breaker that might have held about two gallons; we had nothing else to preserve it in. About noon a flying fish had providentially fallen on board. Beside this we had eaten nothing for forty-eight hours. There were no signs of dew to-day, but the dry and rainless atmosphere foreboded a storm. There was, besides, a halo around the moon, which now began to rise full in the southern quarter. We were in distress.

I have not introduced my companion in this disastrous adventure. She lay upon my knees, moaning and half asleep. The rich and singular loveliness of the child appeared, it is true, to great disadvantage, wrapt as she now was, in a pilot coat of coarse material, and with a panama hat, the rim of which had been partially torn off while using it for the purpose of baling out the water, tied under her chin. Still, as the rose-gleam of the clouds, dying now to a soft purple, was fading from her face, hard and weather-beaten man as I am, my grizzly hair grew a shade the whiter, as I thought—before to-morrow morning the sharks will rend this image of God's beauty and share it between them in a bloody meal. I say my hair grew whiter.

About an hour after sunset she awoke. I had taught her to call me uncle, and being her only friend in this distress she seemed to cling to me naturally, just as a drowning man holds on to any floating drift material in the waters. My little charge was about seven years old. Her father's name was Marston, John Marston, a most upright, God-fearing man. Two days and two nights before he had said to me,—my name being Morris, we both then clinging to the broken foremast of the brig Dolphin, dismasted in a squall and about foundering,—he had said, "Morris, my boy, this child's mother lives at Staunton Oaks, Derbyshire, England. We shall probably go down in about half an hour. In my frail and debilitated condition, unable to swim, there is no chance for me. You're a staunch swimmer and a brave heart. Don't let my child perish." I promised him.

About ten o'clock she went down. By some miracle, clasping the child in my left arm and holding my right hand over her mouth to prevent her from strangulating as we were sucked down by the deep whirlpool made by the sinking vessel, I brought her safely to the surface after being under water long enough almost to drown us both. We came up close to the brig's jolly boat which had gone down, with us, but, being lighter, had risen first. By incredible exertions I managed, she being full of water almost to the gunwale, to bail her dry, having by this time contrived to sling the child at my left side so that her head was high out of water nearly as my own. There was a heavy swell upon the sea but it grew less and less as the night advanced. What became of Mr. Marston of course I did not know. The rest of the crew and passengers, there were five in all, went down with us. If they rose to the surface they were never seen or heard of again.

It was a fine, healthy child, my little charge, and named Mary, after her mother, Mary Marston. Bailing the boat all that night and keeping her before the wind by means of a broken spar, which served as a poor substitute in that emergency for a steering oar, I saw at last in the east the first faint light of another day.

Not a sail was in sight as the sea fog lifted. I picked up a bit of pine scantling and tried to fashion an oar, but it snapped in two after being used a moment. I then bethought me of a jury-mast. I cut the lashings from the breaker which I found in the stern sheets, spliced a part of the broken oar to the long spar which I had used in steering, stretched the pilot coat upon them and bore away before the wind. Thanks to kind Providence and a naturally vigorous constitution, all things considered, I was able so far to fulfil my promise to the dying man.

The little girl had slept all night with her pretty head nestled in my breast, but, in the morning she cried, on awakening, to go back to her father. This was impossible for many reasons, as the reader will perceive. By noon she was completely exhausted and dozed, moaning in her sleep and crying when she half woke, for water. When the sun went down then a thing happened, which, for its strangeness, I hardly know how to tell. It was this: I suppose I should call it a dream, but I never had one like it before, nor has such a thing happened to me again.

I saw a MAN walking upon the sea. His beard, which was of a red, golden color, fell to his breast, and his hair shone so brightly that it dazzled my eyes, flowing in ringlets, and parted in the middle of his forehead. There went a light before him as if his eyes kindled the air into a flame. Beneath his feet the waves were white and smooth as alabaster, but his feet were like polished brass. It could not have been an Angel, for I have seen them, painted upon the walls of Catholic Churches in foreign countries that I have visited, besides have often noticed them carved upon tomb-stones. They have wings, but this that I saw, all but for his wonderful brightness, was a man. All he said was, "Steer to the north-west!" This he did with a voice of great sweetness, such as I think mothers must use when they comfort little children who are frightened in the dark; but of this, never having had a mother so long as I can remember, I cannot say. "Steer to the north-west"—this was all that I heard. Then I woke as a man does, called to turn out on duty by a sudden hand laid upon him before he has finished his sleep. I have inquired of many mariners and other sea-faring men if any of them knew anything about this MAN with the golden beard, walking on the ocean as if it were a level floor, seen by me on the night of the twenty-fifth of May, off the Florida coast, and near the outer edge of the gulf-stream; but none have been able to give me any information. However his advice was good.

About nine o'clock that night the dew began to fall, and I collected, as I said before, a pint between that time and morning, and this was the second night. Before this we had been over twenty hours without water or other drink. About four o'clock of that day, little Mary being at this time in a state when she must have relief from her thirst or die, I had pricked a vein in my left arm and managed to revive her with two or three ounces of blood. Not, it is true, the diet to which she was accustomed, but given with a right good will. As to myself I said, hold up, old boy, till night comes, we shall have dew. I had besides, from time to time, held my arms in the water, though we now began to see sharks. One in particular followed us, a gaunt, ugly beast, and, judging from his appearance in the water, about eight feet long. He came so near on one occasion that I might have struck him with a boat-hook. I longed then for a lance or a harpoon, but he made bold as though he knew there were none on board. About noon I noticed a school of dolphins playing, and toward evening a porpoise gamboling about like a great calf, but no sail. It was after I had opened the vein and revived the child in this manner, that I saw the MAN. After that I held steady to the north-west coast, steering, as I had no compass, by the stars.

The third night since the Dolphin had sunk under us was now coming on and hitherto not a vessel had passed, and now the waves began to swell and the storm to rise. Soon the spoon-drift, thick almost as a snow-storm, whitened the air as if it were full of frost. The boat, though small, held her way bravely, being staunch and a good sailer, till as the motion increased, she made water, and I was forced to lash the child for safety amidships, and take to bailing with all my might, still holding the broken oar that I used for steering, with the left hand. Had we fallen off into the trough we should have been lost.

The moon was now wading through white vapor. The bonitos and flying-fish were gone, but the shark followed us, once showing half his length right abreast. By this time the last drop of water in the breaker had given out. And now occurred another thing, which, for its singularity, is such that no mariner of my acquaintance has been able to account for it, nor have I heard that the like of it is in any book written in these days.

Once when a wave larger than the rest was on the point of breaking over us,—in which case we should have been swamped,—I distinctly saw come up out of the sea a bright hand, as if it were of solid fire, which just touched the stern of the jolly boat, when it leaped forward twenty feet, as if it were alive. This occurred perhaps three times. I am not naturally a timid man, nor have I ever seen a ghost, though one was reported to haunt old Maidstone church-yard, which I often passed at night when I was a boy. Indeed, if I saw a ghost I do not think that I should believe that there was such a thing. What should they be doing about in this world when long ago their work was done? Besides, how can we see anything that by its nature must be invisible? But the MAN that I saw was no ghost. I do not think that all the ghosts in the universe could so much as have stood up against the sight of him had they been near to him as I was. There came,—I am not ashamed to say it,—a great awe upon me after I had seen the hands. I connected the sight of them in some way with my promise that night on board the Dolphin, before she went down, to that God-fearing man, John Marston, that I would take care of his little girl.

The night kept growing wilder. At last I saw a brig close hauled fore and aft before the wind bearing down upon us. I rose and hailed with all my might, seeing that if she passed us, the boat could not live in that sea for another hour. I am not yet able to know how they heard me on the brig. She came rushing on like a racer till her black hull was flying past. At this moment a coil of rope was thrown so heavily that it struck me in the breast, but I held on with a will, being at this time in the bow and holding on with my feet to the lashed spar. I have often wondered that we did not go down, and I know not how to account for it but by supposing that the fiery hands which I had seen had something to do with it, alsothat we were helped by the MAN. We were in ten minutes safe on board.

To my great astonishment, whom should I meet, the first man after the captain, when they hauled us up, but Mr. Marston himself, who had gone down in the Dolphin, he having been rescued by the same vessel, clinging to one of the larger spars. To him, therefore, I resigned the good child, receiving in return that noble gentleman's most hearty thanks. As for the purse of gold which he offered me, this I refused to take, being hale and hearty, and still able to earn my living, either in piloting or before the mast, or in fishing on the banks as becomes one who hopes, when the voyage of this life is over, to find a safe haven in the next world.—*Herald of Light.*

Forbearance to "Old Nick."

Rev. J. Johnston, late of Newburg, New York, somewhat noted for his fun-loving propensities, while walking one day out back of his house, where a new street was opening, saw an Irishman at work with a crowbar striving to dislodge a huge stone from the ground where it was held fast by the roots of a tree. His patience was fairly exhausted by the vain struggles he made, and at last he exclaimed in passion:—

"The devil take it! The devil take it!"

The old pastor approached him, and quietly remarked that he ought not to make such free use of the name of the Evil One, and certainly not wish to throw such a big stone at him as that. The Irishman was quiet in a minute, and striking the crowbar into the ground, and leaning leisurely on it, he turned up his face at the Doctor and the sunlight, while over it roguishly played those indescribable forerunners of genuine Irish wit, he replied:

"Och, thin, and yersilf that's findin' fault with me for sayin' that same, when it's yees and the like of yees that's PAID BY THE YEAR for abusin' the old gintleman all the time!"

The Pagan's Choice.

The pagan chief Radbod had already immersed one of his royal legs in the font, when a thought struck him.

"Where are my dead forefathers at present?" he said, turning suddenly upon Bishop Wolfrau.

"In hell, with all other unbelievers," was the imprudent answer.

"Mighty well," replied Radbod, removing his leg, "then will I rather feast with my ancestors in the hell of Woden than dwell in your little starveling band of Christians in Heaven."

Entreaties and threats were unavailing. The Frisian declined positively a rite which was to cause an eternal separation from his buried kindred; and he died as he lived, a heathen!—*Motley's Dutch Republic.*

For the Spiritual Age.

THE STAR GUIDE.

BY FRANCES O. HYZER.

List! I've brought my sweet guitar
From my home beyond the star,
Which shall o'er a herald be
Of my watchful care of thee;
And when thou dost see yon star
Shining in its home afar
Thou mayest ever look for me
Hasting o'er the immortal sea.

Every mortal hath a guide
Hovering ever by his side;
Every soul hath some dear love
Watching 'er it from above;
And when thou dost see yon star
Gleaming in its home afar,
Thou mayst look dear one for me
Speeding o'er the immortal sea.

Though thy earth-friends all depart
Leaving thee with bleeding heart,
Though the sky be dark and drear,
Or thine eyes so filled with tears
Thou canst not behold yon star
Shining in its home afar,
Thou may'st look dear one for me,
Speeding o'er the immortal sea.

Though the moon should leave the sky,
And the starry hosts should die;
Though the ocean's swelling tide
Should forget the shore its bride,
Thou shalt see me from afar
Gleaming like the evening star;
And I'll hasten unto thee,
Over life's immortal sea.

THOUGHTS AT MIDNIGHT.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

It is the night—the very noon of night!
Silence sits empress on her ebon throne,
And the huge earth upon her axle rolls,
Soft as a pillow of revolving snow.
The mighty shadows that are cast abroad,
Make an unbroken darkness, save where lakes
Mirror the tender starlight, or small rills
Catch on their silver skirts a transient beam.
Thus is it all abroad; while all within
Is fair and cheerful as a summer dawn.
Yet here, even here extend night's sombre plumes;
They sweep along my spirit like the gales
Over Lake George's most secluded wave.
And I remember me of vanished hours;
Forms of the loved and lost come to my side
And bend upon my face a tearful gaze—
Sad are their eyes, but no reproving frown
Obscures their radiant foreheads, since to them,
In the bright mansions of their father's house,
Ascendeth not the voice of evil men.
They knew me and they loved me and they died,
Leaving behind them none so kind as they.
And therefore in the solemn, serious night,
When music slumbers in the cave of death,
Come they to solace my most lonely state.
Oh, if in this dim world some living heart
Could beat responsive and with sweet accord
To all the pure emotions of my own—
Then would the common things of every day
Be holy as the night, and, like the mourned
Companions of my young and better days,
Bring consolation and calm delight,
Such as these hours of undisturbed repose
Yield to my soul, [illegible]

There is a joy in doing good
The selfish never know,
A draught so deep, so rich and pure,
It sets the heart aglow;
A draught so exquisitely rare
It fills the soul with bliss,
And lifts it to a heavenlier world,
Or makes a heaven of this.

Count not the heroic heart alone
In those whom action and result make great.
Since the sublime of Nature's excellence
Lies in enduring, as achieving Fate.

We say of the blind man from whom the visible world is shut out, that he is poorer by half the world than the man who sees. O ye spiritually blind, ye indeed are poorer than we by a whole world!—*Tholuck.*

Every self-conquest, every progress in sanctification, is an increase of influence over souls.

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